THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

GOD'S WAY IS BEST.

Into the dark to find the day,
Into strange tracks to grope our way,
If but at length we learn to say,
God's way is best.

Into the hush of quiet mood,
Even the desert solitude,
Till He puts back these passions rude—
God's way is best.

Into the place of calm content,
When my fierce will at last has bent,
And owns, across the embers spent,
God's way is best.

Into the place of richer toil:
No matter how earth's tendrils coil,
They must no more the highest spoil—
God's way is best.

Into the place where, self forgot,
I no more grumble with my lot,
But strive to make a fairer spot;
God's way is best.

And if that spot be cramped and small,
Yet if on it His love shall fall,
I'll say, and praise Him for it all.
God's way is best.

—Louis K. Deverill.

THE PACIFIC

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CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

The first week in April local option elections were held in twenty-seven counties in Michigan, and the saloons were voted out of twenty of them.

The general conference of the United Brethren Church convenes at Canton, Ohio, on the 12th of May. During the conference a lecture will be given by the Hon. William Jennings Bryan. Bishop Bell also will give a lecture.

In Louisana the Baptist Church leads in membership among the Protestant denominations, with an enrollment of about 45,000; the Methodist Episcopal stands next with a membership of 25,000; the Presbyterians have 10,000. The Roman Catholics claim nearly a million adherents. The Protestant churches together have approximately 100,000 members.

There are more Young Men's Christiain Associations in Germany than there are in the United States, or in all North America. The figures being 1999 for Germany and 1939 for North America. But in membership North America leads with 446,032, while Germany has only 117,682. The Association world's conference is to be held in Barmen, Germany, July 28 to August 2.

Professor Cesare Lombroso, the eminent authority in the science of criminal anthropology, commented recently on the comparative freedom of the Jewish people from drunkenness. He regards this, of course, of high value and advantage to that race in their struggle for existence, and in their future development. This superiority to alcohol he says is part a matter of physical constitution, and partly the outcome of a disciplined and morally tenacious character. It is noted that few of the Jews are total abstainers, but that indulgence is subordinated to other aims—sometimes simply that of becoming "better off."

Recently the Rev. R. J. Campbell of the City Temple, London, expressed a desire to know how he stood with his people. Accordingly a meeting was called at which the present condition and the future of the church were frankly discussed. Reports of that meeting show that Mr. Campbell has the hearty support of the church and the congregation. Resolutions in part as follows were unanimously adopted: "The members and seatholders of the City Temple desire to express to their minister, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, their continued loyal attachment to him, and their high appreciation of his ministry, which they pray may be continued with ever-increasing success." The senior deacon of the church speaking from an experience as an officer for twenty-five years, testifies that the City Temple never stood at a higher point either numerically or financially than it has during Mr. Campbell's ministry. In the City Temple work for the first time in modern Christian history, Anglicans Roman Catholics and Nonconformists have combined on a specifically religious basis.

It is difficult to keep up with the progress and victories of the temperance forces in Indiana. Last week we stated that fifty-seven of the ninety-two counties had voted out the saloon. That was correct when the item was written, but before it was printed the number had increased to sixty. In Ohio fifty-seven counties have voted "dry." One of the most recent to do so was Clark, in which is situated the city of Springfield. The contest there was intense, and it was thought at one time that it would be necessary to call out the militia to preserve the peace. The temperance forces won by a majority of 139 votes. In Springfield the "wets" had a majority of nearly two thousand. More votes were cast in this election than were cast at the last presidential election—454 more. Springfield has a population of more than 45,000. One who was active in the campaign writes of the day on which the vote was taken: "I visited thirteen city precincts that day, and all the feeling I have ever had against the saloon is intensified many times over. It is indeed a diabolical institution. If we do not destroy it, it will destroy us. If you do not believe it, bring on a county election and get into the thick of the fight. Our colored voters did nobly. At the last an infamous effort was made to intimidate them and the women workers by starting a rumor of an assault upon a white woman by a negro, and the papers reported an order for calling out the militia. It was a lie, pure and simple, and reacted disastrously, as the vote in the colored people's territory plainly shows. We rejoice in the victory achieved and are buckling on our armor now for law enforcement."

The horrible scenes at the first execution under the law of capital punishment, recently revived in France, have led professor Lombroso, the celebrated criminologist, to say that he is terribly perplexed over the question. As one the creators of the science of criminal anthropology, which is described as due to unhealthy origins, he says that he is in favor of the death penalty. After stating the case strongly then for capital punishment, arguing that it is based on the very necessity of social preservation, he adds: "Thus far has spoken, perhaps has blasphemed, the criminal anthropologist. Years, however, have passed and these beliefs, more logical than humanitarian, have been not destroyed perhaps, but certainly brought into doubt by something that is more powerful than logic, and that is the human heart." That legalized killing cannot be defended either as a form of social vengenance or as an efficient means of intimidation, Lombroso declares that he has shown. "There remains, consquently, only one possible reason—the total elimination of the criminal race. But to do that you must decapitate, not ten or fifteen criminals a year, but three thousand annually in Italy,

and two thousand in France. That would really be massacre. In our times, moderated by a humanitarian sentiment that falls on all living creatures, not even the most ardent advocate of capital punishment would dare to go so far."

The refusal of President Eliot to accept the English ambassadorship leads the New York Post to comment on the shabby treatment the United States government gives its ambassadors: "It is safe to infer that it is not alone his age—and many a man of sixty would be glad to swap vigor with him at seventy-five—or the fact that he has made other plans, that impels Mr. Eliot to decline this great honor and opportunity. The question of means to maintain the American Embassy in London with becoming dignity, may well have been a factor. It is all very fine to talk about going back to ambassadors of large distinction, if shrunk purses, but the simple fact is that the necessary expenses of our representative in England far exceed his salary. He must have a respectable and fairly spacious house, with carriage and servants; he must do a certain amount of entertaining, and traveling. The cost of all this we have heard figured by a competent judge, at $50,000 a year. And we pay $17,500! If we were to provide a suitable Embassy building, fully equipped and manned, that salary would be inadequate. As the case stands, it is beggarly. There was quiet talk, to be sure, of a fund raised by Harvard men to enable Mr. Eliot to meet the unavoidable charges of the post, but a high-spirited man might well hesitate to avail himself of such an offer. It would, in truth, reflect more upon his government than himself, but no man would like to be known as a privately assisted Ambassador of the United States. No; the inference is unmistakable: this country has acted as if it wanted to cut a great figure in the diplomatic world, but expected to do it by means of either mendicants or parvenus."

PACIFIC COAST NOTES.

Railroads in the Pacific Northwest report the colonist business this year the heaviest ever known.

The Guggenhiems contemplate the expenditure of $9,000,000 on a copper plant in Tacoma in connection with the smelter already there.

With a view to the bringing in of more capital the legislature of Washington in 1907 removed the tax from mortgages. It is proving a wise enactment.

"If we had one half as many deaths from diptheria or scarlet fever or the bubonic plague as from tuberculosis, the city would be thrown into a panic," said Dr. Bourns of the Seattle health board recently. A thorough clean-up has been called for.

Judge Lester Still of San Juan county, Washington, says: "The local option question has been settled in the islands for good. Since Jan. 1st there has not been a saloon in the country, and there are no blind pigs. Not a single man is dependent upon the county for support, nor have the soldier citizens asked aid from the state indigent fund." The islands here mentioned are those situate in the Strait of Juan de Fuca between the United States mainland and Vancouver Island, British Columbia. They have fine bodies of farming lands and are settled by a people who want only advantageous conditions and environment.

The trip of Judge Rosa of Beloit, Wisconsin, to the Pacific coast last year resulted greatly to the financial benefit of the Wisconsin Home Missionary Society. The Society had a bequest made by Mr. B. B. Healey, formerly of La Crosse. The representatives of the estate estimated that it was worth about $500 and desired to settle it by paying that amount. While in the state of Washington Judge Rosa looked into the matter and ascertained that certain timber lands belonging to the estate were much more valuable than the estimate that had been placed on them, and reported to the Home Missionary Society that it ought to realize about $15,000 for its claim. Settlement was made recently for that amount, and the Society rejoices over this increase in its funds at a critical period in its work.

Some of the steel that went into the famous battleship, The Oregon, at the Union Iron Works in San Francisco, was the product of furnaces at Irondale on Port Townsend bay in the state of Washington. From various causes that Pacific coast industry has languished for several years. A year or two ago the Irondale plant was purchased by a company in which Mr. J. A. Moore of Seattle figured prominently, and up-to-date improvements were inaugurated. Quite recently persons interested for many years in the manufacture of steel in the East have associated themselves with Mr. Moore, and it is announced that within six months a plant capable of turning out 130 tons of steel rails and other steel products per day will be in operation. One of the new members of the company which owns the Irondale furnaces is vice-president of a company at Cleveland and Buffalo which controls the patent process under which steel is manufactured in electric furnaces in the United States and Canada. Thorough investigation on the part of the eastern capitalists has convinced them that there is an abundance of iron ore on Vancouver Island and at other places on the Pacific coast, and that all the raw material required in the manufacture of steel products can be had here. All of which means much for the future of the entire coast and of Puget Sound in particular. Mr. Moore who has led in this enterprise is a member of Plymouth Church, Seattle, and a liberal giver to all Congregational interests, and many others also.

The Western Christian Advocate, published in Cincinnati, contained last week an "Urgent Call for Help" for the Methodist churches of San Francisco. We quote therefrom: "The general impression that San Francisco has worked out its redemption along all lines is a serious mistake. While in a business sense, that city has regained its former supremacy, and today her streets are teeming and sounding as of old with the rush and rumble of traffic, there is one phase of her life that remains broken and sorely distressed. We refer to her churches. It will possibly be a surprise to our readers to know that although three years have passed since this unparalleled loss to Methodism, not one of our churches in the burned district has been wholly rebuilt, and only one partly so, while one

is using a temporary shack, and another is renting quarters in which to worship. We fully realize the difficulties attending an appeal of such a character, where the object is of such long standing, particularly when we remember the call that went out to the Church at the time. But, the needs are as great, the demand for aid as pressing, today as upon the week following the catastrophe. San Francisco Methodism lies broken. She is utterly impotent in her effort to stand. A few thousand dollars were sent her soon after that awful day, but that no more than sufficed for the immediate needs. The time has now come when because of the reconstruction of that portion of the city, the down-town churches are imperatively needed. The church buildings which were destroyed by fire and which it is now felt must be at once rebuilt are the historic First Church, founded by the late Bishop William Taylor; the old Howard Street Church, the mother of churches; Central Church, which has for many years occupied the central down-town district and was our leading and strongest church in San Francisco; the Japanese Church and Mission, and the Chinese Mission. These five churches must be made adequate to the demands of Methodism in the new San Francisco if our denomination is to have any position or standing in that community. Under existing conditions and the building laws of San Francisco these five churches can not be reconstructed for less than $250,000." And the call is, commensurate with the need, for $250,000 immediately. Every church in Methodism, it is said, should do something. Next Sunday, the third anniversary of the great disaster, San Francisco's needs are to be presented in the Methodist churches throughout the country with the hope that the required amount may be secured.

CHRISTIAN SOCIAL IDEALS.

Charles H. Seccombe.

Ideals are the great essentials without which human progress is impossible. Political and religious liberty, representative government, orderly and peaceful social relations are the embodiment of noble ideals. Some people object to the association of the words "Christian" and "social." Christianity is conceived of by some as concerned solely with the salvation of the individual and his preparation for another world. Others seem to regard the Christian religion as identified with the present social order including its abuses and as opposed to social reform. Both of these classes of thinkers show their ignorance of the genius of Christianity. It is no more responsible for the social wrongs that exist today than it was for the farming of taxes under the Roman government in the days of its founder. Yet Christianity on the other hand both recognizes society and can only be understood and manifested in terms of human relationship.

Sociology, which has been defined as "the philosophy of human welfare," is one of the youngest of modern sciences. The birth of the social consciousness is one of the greatest strides forward in the annals of human progress since the emancipation of the human conscience by Martin Luther. Individualism alone is not the sum total of human welfare. Man is not isolated, he is related. His welfare is vitally linked with the welfare of his fellows. Men have begun to give attention to the truth enunciated by Paul: "No man liveth unto himself."

Certain gross evils such as poverty and pauperism, bankrupt households and neglected children, want and suffering in a land of plenty, raise the question as to how far society may be to blame for individual misfortune and what social reforms are necessary. In the last analysis the solution of these questions rests not with the demagogue and enthusiast or altogether with the expert sociologist and political economist, but with the people themselves. For all social questions reduced to their simplest terms are matters of conduct, unselfish, sane Christian conduct. In the realm of conduct, both as an ideal and as a motive power, Christianity reigns supreme.

Fundamental to social progress is the Christian ideal of the individual. Christian teaching takes no cognisance of the race of a man or the accidents of his environment, his industrial standing, or the sex of the individual, but stands for the worth of the human soul. This ideal it is which is the great motive creating the demand for social betterment today and which must be recognized in every effort looking toward better social conditions.

The Christian ideal of the family, as a divine institution resting upon the foundation of the union in reverence of one man and one woman, bound together by love and loyal to each other until death, forming a society in which children may receive their true care and nurture, is the civilizing agency which alone can successfully resist the power and passion and the ensuing moral and social decay.

The Christian ideal of the Church as a brotherhood of Christians covenanting together for the communion of worship and the highest welfare of each member and the elevation of humanity everywhere; the Christian ideal of the state, as exixsting for the protection of people and the promotion of the greatest good to the greatest number, deriving its authority to govern not only from the consent of the governed but from God, whose public officers are servants of the people; the Christian ideal of the Kingdom of God, that state of society in which all the varied human activities most truly express manhood and thus realize the will of God,—these ideals held before men are working mightily for social progress. Nor can any order of society long endure which does violence to any of these ideals.

But it is in the industrial relations that men have been slowest to follow Christian ideals, such as brotherhood, honesty, loving service. Popularly stated these ideals are the spirit of the Golden Rule and the Sermon on the Mount; square deal in business rather than the tactics of the trickster or the highwayman. There is a wide spread opinion that these ideals beautiful in themselves have no part in a business system in which the controlling motive is the desire for gain. Yet there is not lacking evidence to show that society is beginning to demand that the desire for gain shall be tempered by due regard for the welfare of men. The liquor traffic, the most striking example of selfish commercialism, is an illustration in point. From the standpoint of those engaged in it, it is a money maker. As a matter of fact ,it does violence to every philanthropic motive. Because it is seen to be opposed to the public weal, the liquor traffic today is being forced to the wall by the American people.

If a healthy moral sentiment can pronounce as unbusiness like not to say criminal the passing of counterfieit money or the giving of worthless checks, can not a Chris-

tian public sentiment ostracize as unbusinesslike the selling of counterfeit goods or the giving of short weight?

Some day, and it is not far distant, America, an awakened American citizenship, will produce a great captain of industry who, combining the financial genius of a Rockefeller and the patriotism of a Roosevelt will with his power serve humanity and thus inspire in the youth of our land a passion for Christian ideals in business and a devotion to the greatest Man and the greatest Servant, the Son of Man.

Santa Ana, Cal.

MIRACULOUS HEALING THEN AND NOW.

By Principal P. L. Forsyth, D.D.

[We give here in the main a valuable and timely article by Dr. Forsyth which appeared recently in the British Congregationalist.—Editor.]

The call made by Christianity upon the world used to be "believe in the miracles," but the situation has now changed. The demands which once were made by the churches on the world are now made by the world on the Church. And the world's challenge to the Church is not "prove your miracles," but "do them." Miracles don't happen now, it is urged, and therefore no miracles ever did.

Nor is the world to be put off by the plea of the Church, "We are doing miracles. We are changing society, however slowly. We are changing men's lives. We are turning them from seeking self to living for God and even in God. The miracle of conversion goes on." That is quite a sound plea, but it does not appeal to the jury in this particular case. For us, of course, except for the sake of that miracle, other miracles are of little moment. But in that miracle the jury is less interested than they always care to say. The moral miracle is always less impressive for the public than is the prodigy. Ethic always interests fewer people than magic. And in an age when the impressionist carries all before him the deep miracle is submerged by the startling effect.

But there is one good result of this state of things. It is destroying a fictitious value, which miracles did not have in the New Testament—the evidential value. "Believe me for the very works' sake" is spoken almost contemptuously. In the fourth gospel, indeed, the miracles are treated as "signs." But a sign is not a proof. It is an index, a manifestation. Its nature is not logical, but intuitional. It carries meaning only to those who can read it; it does not compel belief. Christ's signs were interpreted by some as Satanic. So little were they proof of his divine gospel.

If the Church recovered the gift of healing it is doubtful whether this would convince one rational person of the truth of the gospel. She might impress many with the sense of spiritual power; but some quacks have spiritual power; and the precious thing in the Church is not spiritual power, which is often temperamental, like genius, but the real presence, through the gospel, of the Spirit who makes power. It is not the magnetic power to impress, but the moral power to change, convert, and regenerate. If the Church were able again to heal paralytics it is doubtful if she would thereby lead one more to believe in the Incarnation or the Atonement, or the grace of the New Creation. These things are beyond miraculous proof. For miracle, used as proof, is really an appeal to sight, while the gospel is made what it is by the appeal to faith. With the decay of faith comes the demand for sight.

And in the unsettlement of today there are only too many who address the Church with the demand for results, and who are impervious to the one thing by which the Church stands or falls at last—the nature of the gospel, the grace of God with its appeal to faith, to the moral personality, to the moral soul, to conscience. "Show us results," says the world to the Church, "if we are to believe your message"—numerical results in membership, phenomenal results in miracles. And to them all the Church must at last make the same answer, "You must believe our message if you would have the results." "If they hear not Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded, if one rise from the dead." Even the miracles of healing which are now most sought after—and no wonder— are assigned quite a subordinate place among the gifts in the early Church (1 Cor. xii. 9, 28), much behind the gifts of the apostle and the preacher with the moral word of the gospel. However, the mood of the hour is pragmatical. It argues from results. Attention is therefore particularly directed at present to such miracles as those which distinguish the second portion of the Book of Acts—miracles of healing. Some of those in the first part come perilously near the line which parts miracles from magic—such as the cures ascribed to the handkerchiefs, or the shadows, of the apostles. And they provoke explanations from auto-suggestion. But the direct and intended healing by saintly men is not on the same footing, whatever weight you give to the subjective or hypnotic faith of their patients. And at the present day we are specially interested in that class of miracle and its possible reproduction. For the diseases of the age outstrip the medicine of the age, and, fast as science moves, the ailments incidental to an overstrained time with an unhinged faith move faster still. If zymotic diseases go down, nervous maladies increase. Moreover, psychic experiment and inquiry have now opened up new possibilities in the suggestive treatment of certain diseases; and, generally, they have enhanced our ideas as to the action in that way of one individual on another.

There is, therefore, far less incredulity than there used to be about the New Testament miracles of this class. And there is naturally more inquiry whether the power to perform them is extinct, or if it is only dormant, in the absence of certain spiritual conditions that can in due course be met especially by the Church. The misfortune is that these conditions are only too easily believed to be but psychic and not spiritual, far less moral. There is a corresponding field for the abnormal, the eccentric, and the silly, or for the quack.

I venture to cherish the opinion that the recovery of such action is not foreclosed to the Church. But when the power returns it can only be on the principle that Christ laid down, "That kind goes not out but by prayer." Nor does that kind of power go forth by other means. Here, as always, Christ spoke from his experience. That is why his precepts are so precious and his teaching so profound. It all welled from the depth of his own experience, and it had the verification of his own experience before he issued it to the world. He had tested what he prescribed. He did not discourse on a topic, but gave his soul. His truth was lived in and lived out. And we have here his own account of the principle of his own miracles. They were

answers to prayer. Either they were the exercise of power he accumulated by prayer, spending by day the strength he gained by night—so that Christ did as much for the world by night as by day, just as he did at least no less by the dark cross than by the radiant resurrection. Or they were (as they are expressly recorded in some cases) direct answers to his immediate and inward prayer at the time—being done by the Father at the instance of the Son.

But this is the same as to say that healing power is associated with personality, with that moral personality whose supreme exercise is prayer. For the greatest work that man can do is to worship. And it would change the whole quality of our worship and our work if that were realized today.

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Allowing for all temperamental dispositions and facilities in such matters, in Christianity, miracle is associated with spiritual personality, personality not only in its nature spiritual, but in its note moral. The power of miracle lies where the power of religion lies—in the moral soul, in the ethical, and not merely the aesthetic, personality. This is what marks miracle off from magic. To believe in miracles is not to believe in a magical action of divine forces, but in the moral exercise of the divine power. Magic is an irreligious idea. Religion does not rise above mere religiosity unless the divine power act in the moral personality and through it.

"Magic," miracles are alien to the genius of the New Testament. They represent God's action as that of pouring into men which becomes theirs by that infusion, and not by experimental assimilation, which acts on their nature and not their personality. The healing grace of God can be received only by faith, and not by mere passive exposure to it.

And the irresistibility of grace is a view possible only when grace is thought of as a force more than a power. If ever the power of miraculous healing return to us, it can only be the result of an enormous increase of such moral power as is exerted in living faith, and not in mere spiritual absorption or exaltation. All that is told about cures by psychic action may be true; but that power is permanent, safe, wholesome, and indeed, almost normal only where it has an ethical foundation of personal faith and exeperienced salvation. It is a power whose effects, indeed, are not confined to the Church, but it is one whose real sources are there—in the gospel and the Spirit that make the Church. Apart from the gospel and its moral results, doubtless there are cases, and even epidemics, of cure more or less permanent through religion as a subjective excitement rather than by faith as a moral act of objective trust. But with the Christian gospel and a real faith in it you have both the conditions and the safeguards which make the power permanent in society. There is no better way to assure ourselves of the dormancy of such powers in Christianity than to study the phenomena of such a life as that of George Foxx, to say nothing of similar lives which foil all effort to limit the processes of the soul to strictly rational expectations or tests.

But are we infer from the abeyance of such power in the Church that faith is dead there? By no means. But we do gather this—that it is a power which can go only with the faith of a whole community, and not of stray individuals, however numerous or exalted. It can return to the Church only as the effect of a collective faith and action. It was the faith of a united Church that did these things through the apostles in Acts. And, as done by Christ, they were the effect of his faith who is himself the common and perfect life of the whole Church. To take another line, those promises of his that puzzle us as to the answer to prayer are still good, but not for individuals, but to a universal community of one mind, soul and faith, such as existed for a brief time germinally and prophetically in the first days of the New Testmaent Church. The historical seasons of excitement and exaltation which have been accompanied by extraordinary effects of this kind are but fleeting hints and earnests of what would become a permanent power of the Church through its saintliest members if the Church throughout the world were really one in love, faith and deed. All the wild vines on the raw lands of Christian science but indicate in a straggling way the fruitful possibilities of the Lord's vineyard.

If morality be, as in modern ethic it is, the collective demand upon its members of society as a whole, and if social ethic gain so much as of late it has gained in taming the fierce egoism of the morally crude, how much may we not expect society to do for the cure of its sick, as well as for the rescue of its sinners, when the comes that lifts morality to a living and common faith, and its imagination to a religion sure, ordered and strong!

If the Church wish that she had the gift of miracle today, it is not from the desire to exercise superhuman power. No true Church loves power, but service. Nor is it from a sense that if she had these powers at her disposal she would soon prove to men the doctrine in her faith, for miracles do not prove doctrine; the message must carry the miracle, and not the miracle the message. But it is that she might scatter the more blessing on the grieved world which she loves for Christ's sake; that she might lift the load, part the gloom, and soothe the agony that rend the heart and rack the frame; that she might allay the human pain which now is felt to pierce human compassion as it never did before. Yet by the revealed will of God himself, there is but one sound and sure way to that power at last. It comes only to crown the fulness of that holiness which is the gospel's purpose with the world. When the last sin has vanished we shall be able to make the last woe cease.

* * *

And for the single soul, this cannot wholly be till all souls are thus spiritually free. For we are not as strong as we should be, because others are so weak. Nor are we as weak as we feel, because others are strong. No man believeth unto himself. And the faith that finally overcomes the world is a collective thing. We get the benefit of others' faith. There is a vicarious faith. An it is only the full and solidary faith of a living Church that can possess the secret and command of those marvelous results which, so far, appear but sporadically, and come and go like the wind. But the Spirit of God is not fantastic, and not arbitrary; even as the vagrant wind is, after all, ruled by meteorological laws which we slowly unravel. And there are principles of his action which the Church may one day master and even command, in the great coming and social time. When the Spirit dwells in a sanctified Church as he dwelt in the Holy Son of God, then the Church will be able to do the wonders that he did in the healing of disease, the conquest of care, and the binding of the broken heart, no less than in the release of the distressed conscience and the soul's salvation from the wreck of things.

THE CLAIM OF CHILDREN.

By A. W. Hamley.

Had I the power to coin into law my fixed conviction, a prospective benedict must have something more to show than the price of a license before he could be legally married. He must be able to show himself of sound mind and sound morals. He must show both the ability and the disopsition to maintain a home.

The generations yet unborn have a right to protection. Every child has an inherent right to be well born. Multitudes of children are not so much "born into the world, as they are doomed into it." Their fate is sealed a hundred years before they are born. There is a tremendous miscarriage of justice in every criminal court. In many cases the father or the grandfather should have been hanged or imprisoned instead of the poor fellow who receives sentence.

Are you a father? Then take time to be a father. Are you a mother? Then take time to be a mother. No enterprise can be so deserving, no cause can be so sacred as to justify the neglect of your children. Too busy, do you say, to have a share in the rearing of your family? Then you are too busy to have a family? You have no more moral right to be a father if you cannot find time to do the work of a father than you have to be an alderman if you cannot find time to do the work of an alderman.

Many a father spends more time on his driving horse or his automobile than he does on his boy; and yet he expects that boy to be a credit to him. That father makes a serious mistake who will not take time to be a companion to his boy. God pity the father whose boy goes away from him and to others for counsel and sympathy. And especially, God pity the boy! Do you want to save your boy, your girl? Then make home the dearest spot on earth. Make it just as attractive and cheerful as you can—not for the occasional guest, but for the boy and girl.

The child deserves more than the occasional guest. If you have one cheerful, sunshiny room in the house, give it to the child. If anyone must sleep on a straw tick on a slat bed in the attic, let it be the occasional guest. And may I enter a special plea for the boy? Is it not true that if any one is neglected in the home it is the boy? "Anything is good enough for him." I say it is not. Nothing is good enough for him but the very best home can afford. Many a boy takes to the street because there is no room for him in the home. Had he a pleasant, cheery room, all his own, well stocked with good reading and wholesome games, to which he might be free to invite his friends for a pleasant evening, the street would have no attraction for him. The cost of a cheery room for your boy is your best investment.

"SAN DIEGO IS GOING DRY."

So we have been shouting in church and hall and on every street for the last month. We believed that the most beautiful city on the coast should be the cleanest. It has been a sharp contest, but good natured withal. The ministers have been the real leaders; though they did not precipitate the conflict. Never were church and party lines so obliterated. There has been no lack of oratory, native and foreign, a new repertory of witty sayings and unanswerable facts. The women were never more effective in prayer and labors, multifarious. They were at the polls all day on Tuesday, and there was continuous prayer in two churches from six in the morning till six at night. A more imposing procession was never seen on our streets, which was worth all it cost. Endless floats, mothers with their young children in arms asking protection for their boys and girls; young women pleading for "sober husbands. This was one placard,

"Hush little grog shop,
Don't you cry;
You'll be a shoe shop
By and by."

But it must be confessed that the votes were against us two to one. It was almost too much to ask that we should win at the first onset. The temperance people are not unhappy and are more confident than ever for the future. The next contest will not be of the compromise order, and will be successful.

But men are of more account just now than the success of any one measure. With the one exception the reformers carry their ticket for mayor and councilmen and school committee in our first election under the new charter. It would have been a calamity, indeed, if the old "push" element had slipped into control under an ordinance that gave them well nigh unlimited power.

Our San Diego association met in Logan Heights Church, April 3d, when the civic contest was at its height. But there was no falling off in interest in this meeting. Rev. J. L. Maile was moderateor, as he is always an essential factor in our gatherings. Rev. Edward Maclellan of Chula Vista preached the sermon. Subject, "The Open Door." It was an old text, freshly treated and ingeniously applied to the needs of the church of today. Mr. Maclellan at this meeting transferred his membership from the Primitive Methodist Church in England to our Conference. He has just closed a successful course of lectures in Chula Vista on Wednesday evenings, replacing the little handful that attended the prayer meeting by a crowded house.

Rev. W. B. Thorp of the First Church, showed how the "Emmanuel Movement" may be made effective in an evangelistic way. His Saturday afternoon class, begun modestly, but soon crowding the large auditorium of his church, still keeps up its interest and grows in effectiveness under his wise leadership. It is interesting to see a congregation, mostly of busy women, from every kind of church, and those of no church, turn aside regularly, on a busy day, for a quiet hour and real spiritual reflection.

Directly following the meeting of the association, on Thursday and Friday morning, came the "Together Campaign" meeting in the First Church. The brethren took us at a disadvantage, as our minds were so much preoccupied. But if their last meeting was not their most enthusiastic one, it was none the less effective, and our churches will meet their full apportionment of the debt. Rev. C. P. Dorland made his first appearance as financial superintendent, and gave us a clear and forceful statement of our new plan for benevolences, while the other brethren added the arousements. We were especially interested in the address of Rev. G. W. Hinman, missionary from China. If ever, in these missionary campaigns, a missionary is put forward, who is worn out and underweight, it was not so in this case. Mr. Hinman, in configuration and happy countenance, compared well with the noble looking, well groomed secretaries at his side.

Next week we have a larger, but no less welcome, delegation of the women of our churches in Southern California who represent our missionary societies.

Our association was fortunate in welcoming at this meeting to its membership one of our honored missionary workers, Henry D. Porter, M.D., D.D. For twenty-eight years he was in North China, intimately associated with Dr. A. H. Smith. He was the founder of Williams' Hospital, "that modern miracle plant," in Shantung Province. A women's hospital in Shang Puang is to be named after him. Only ill health would now separate him from his chosen work, just at the time when the field, he has so long cultivated, is ripening for a rich harvest. His sister, Miss Mary Porter, is still at her post, in Tientsin, and his gifted son has just entered upon his work in one of the educational institutions of that great country. Another son is now a contestant in an inter-state contest soon to come off in Wisconsin. E. A.

San Diego, April 8th.

Among the Churches

CALIFORNIA.

Glen Ellen.—This church, in connection with the Kenwood church has voted to assume self-support.

Benicia reports an accecssion of seven new members, four being by confession of faith at the Easter communion.

Oakland, First.—Fifty-two persons were welcomed into the fellowship of the church at the Easter communion service

Colma.—At the service on Easter five persons were received to membership, boys and girls between the ages of 11 and 16.

Oakland, Pilgrim—The Easter services were made very impressive by a vested choir and robed minister, something new in California Congregationalism.

Oakland, Fourth.—At the communion service on Thursday evening eight united with the church; five on confession of faith, among whom were three young men.

Mayflower Church, San Francisco, was presented on Easter Sunday with a beautiful painting of the Mayflower. Seven new members were received, four of them on confession of faith.

Saratoga.—The Saratoga church received to membership on Easter Sunday, one by letter and ten on confession of afith. Four boys and girls, five young men and women, and two elderly people.

Oakland, Plymouth.—Large Easter congregations and a record-breaking Sunday-school attendance of 250. At the vesper service communion service twenty-two new members were received, ten coming on confssion of faith.

Hayward.—Easter Sunday was a high day in our midst Fourteen new members were received into the church, four by letter and ten on confession of faith. Our Home Missionary offering was $50 this year. And we are rejoicing over these evidences of new life and power.

San Francisco, First.—The heart of Dr. Adams was cheered by a congregation Easter morning that overflowed the church so that many were turned away, and by a splendid collection of $800. Two children were baptized, one of them being Dr. Adams' own grandson, receiving his grandfather's name.

Green Street Church, San Francisco.—Eight children were baptized Easter morning. In the evening ten were received into fellowship, nine of them coming on confession of faith. One thousand eight hundred dollars more is needed to secure the $5,000 from the East, and counting from Easter Sunday, there remain just eighteen days to raise it in.

Kenwood.—The new parsonage, a five-roomed bungalow, is completed and occupied by the pastor and his family. It is entirely paid for with the exception of a loan from the C. C. B. S. The Ladies' Mite Society deserves the credit of having contributed more than one-third of the enitre cost. Special mention should also be made of the faithful work of Mr. O. E. Baker, chairman of our Board of Trustees.

Santa Cruz.—There were twenty-eight additions to the church Sunday morning, all but one on confession, mostly the results of the Williams evangelistic meetings. The pastor expects to go to Angels Camp the latter part of the month to conduct evangelistic meetings. It is planned to have Rev. H. K. Booth here for a week for a series of addresses on "The Bible." The church has voted to invite the State Conference to meet with them this year.

San Rafael.—The annual meeting was held in the parlor of the church Thursday evening, April 8th. The room was beautifully decorated in green and yellow. The reports of the officers of the various departments of the work showed a marked increase over the previous year. 44 new members had been received into the church. The Ladies, Aid Society and the Christian Endeavor Society have more than doubled. We enter the new year asking and expecting great things from God.

Bakersfield.—Special services were held on two afternoons and three evenings of Passion Week, in charge of the pastor, Rev. E. R. Fuller. The Easter services began with a praise meeting at 6:30 a. m., in charge of the Endeavor Society. It was followed by a communion service at 7 a. m., when eight persons united with the church, seven by confession and one by letter. This makes twenty-one who have been received into membership this year. The regular Easter service at 11 a. m. was excellent. A large and well-drilled chorus choir rendered fine music, and the floral decorations were profuse and beautiful. In the evening, a special service of music drew a second large and appreciative audience.

Guerneville.—In the annual meeting of our church, held recently, the reports given by different officers showed a marked advance in all branches of the work. Sunday-school attendance, beginning with twenty at the opening of the year, has reached forty. A boys' class of 15 members was organized. The schcool is self-sustaining and enjoys the faithful services of competetnt leaders and teachers. The average church attendance was doubled. There have been seven additions to the church, four by confession of faith. We had one adult baptism. A boys'

gymnasium club with eighteen members, a girls' club with twenty-four members, and a young ladies' club with fifteen members have been organized. These organizations have in a gratifying measure served the purposes of their formation—to advance social and moral interest among our young people and to centralize Congregational church sentiment. We have started a reading room in our Social Hall with a fair variety of publications. We have made some repairs on our church building, costing $135. A friend of our church has promised $50 toward the parsonage indebtedness. Our church is blessed with one of the most harmonious, enthusiastic and efficient Ladies' Aid Society, with a membership of 22. The treasurer reported the financial obligations of the church as being fully satisfied and noted that the year's collection had doubled that of the previous year. Our benevolences were generously remembered. Pastor Chakurian takes his vacation in this month before the lively summer months are set in.

WASHINGTON.

Rosalia.—Rev. Charles H. Nellor came here as pastor the first meeting of the kind ever held in this part of have been reeceived into the membership, five by letter and sixteen by confession, about half being heads of families. The church is very hopeful. A parsonage is needed and is already talked of.

Seattle, Edgewater.—The members of the church gave the Rev. Dr. Kantner a surprise party on the completion of the third year of his pastorate. Judge F. A. McDonald, on behalf of those assembled, expressed their esteem and regard and presented Dr. Kantner with a sectional bookcase for his library. To Mrs. Kantner was given a beautiful hand-painted china pitcher.

Anglin.—Rev. D. H. Reid spent five weeks conducting evangelistic services in and around Anglin. These were the first meetings of the kind ever held in this part of Okanogan County. A number professed Christianity and the church life is quickened and doubtless several will unite with the various churches. There is hardly a place in our state where truer missionary work is being done than in this frontier county. Rev. O. S. Haines is having a wide circuit among churches of homesteaders. He has done a great work for the Kingdom and Mr. Reid's timely help will be of great service to him.

Puget Sound Congregational Club.—About sixty were entertained by the Plymouth Church, Tacoma, in their new building. The outlook paper was given by Rev. W. W. Scudder, Jr., in place of Mr. S. S. Healey, who was detained by the grippe. Rev. E. L. Smith, D.D,, who had attended the meeting of the directors and superintendents of the Home Missionary Society in Cleveland, spoke of our Home Missionary problems as seen in the light of that meeting Rev. E. T. Dunstan gave his stereopticon lecture on New Zeland. Officers were elected as follows: President, W. W. Scudder, Jr.; vice-president, Mr. J. F. Tenney; treasurer, Mr. W. E. Starr.

Puyallup.—Five churches united for an evangelistic campaign of four weeks, the local pastors preaching. An excellent spirit of cooperation was manifest and much good was accomplished. After persistent effort fourteen hundred dollars have been collected for a public library, besides a large collection of books from private libraries, the pastor, of our church, Rev. G. N. Edwards, being one of the prime movers and hardest worgers. Mr. Edwards has been elected President of the Board of Trustees. The room will be opened April 24th, in connection with a Library Tag Day. The church is to start an innovation. Hereafter the morning service will be a union of church and Sunday-school. Beginning at 10:30 the firt fifty minutes will be occupied by the exercises of worship and the sermon, which is not to exceed twenty-five minutes, at 11:20; after a hymn the congregation will be resolved into a group of classes for a half-hour's Bible study. The service closes with a hymn and the benediction by the pastor.

Bryant.—A very interesting event in the history of this church took place April 1st, when a goodlyy number of pastors and delegates met and recognized the church. Rev. Samuel Greene was elected moderator and Rev. Jos. Weiss was elected scribe. The afternoon session was peculiar in that a formal program was carried out. Mrs. L. J. Leake read a history of the Sunday-school; Mrs. M. Letson a history of the church; the standing of the church was presented by Mrs. W. R. McDonald and the present standing of the Sunday-school by Miss Helen Letson. The pastor, Rev. W. S. Johnston, spoke of the high respect in which the members of the church are held in the town, and their loyalty to the denomination. The church was originally organized by the representatives of the Congregational Church, under the special guidance of Rev. J. M. Dick, and the leaning of the people has always been toward its form of government. The council voted unanimously and heartily to recognize the church, and the service was held in the evening. Adresses were given by Dr. Samuel Greene, Rev. Williams, Rev. W. W. Scudder Jr., the prayer of recognition was made by Rev. Jos. Weiss, who also extended the Right Hand of Fellowship. The church has amembership of nine, all women, who have built a neat edifice and carried on the work with great wisdom, energy and success.

Tacoma, Plymouth.—A Sunday-school building has been erected at a cost of ten thousand dollars. For a time this will also serve as a church auditorium. The building is splendidly planned for the work. There is a basement only partly below the street surface, well lighted and perfectly dry The walls and floors are concrete; there is a kitchen with both gas and coal ranges, sink and a drop table; partitions are to be put in so as to have a small dining room for the smaller gatherings; upstairs there are rooms on either side of the main room, one for the kindergarten Sunday-school scholars, another for the primary grades, used also for the Junior and Intermediate Endeavor Societies. The gallery is horseshoe in shape and contains compartments for twenty-five classes; in one corner left by this shape there is a room with closets which is used by Rev. H. J. Hendley's Sunday-school class of thirty-five young men from 15 to 25 years old, and for their club which is organized as a Castle of the Knights of King Arthur. Large skylights give abundant light wherever the windows might not supply sufficient. On entering one immediately feels a sense of comfort, cheer and athomeness. Beginning five years ago with nothing Mr. Hendley has organized the Sunday-school and church and carried the work on to this result. The Sunday-school is remarkable in its organization and loyalty. Nearly three hundred are out on normal occasions while at Easter, Children's Day, Christmas and

such gala days many more attend. Special requirements are demanded of the members of the different departments and all seem to delight in excelling. There are three rolls of honor, on one of which there are the names of seventeen who have been present every Sunday for five years, except when seriously ill, in which case after returning to the school they have recited the required lessons that had been missed! No wonder pastor and people are devoted to each other.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The Hilsboro Church, after being without a pastor for several months, recently called Rev. Frank H. Adams, who has been a temporary supply for several weeks, to take the permanent pastorate. He acecpted the call and began his work on the first Sunday in this month. Mr. Adams is not unknown in California. He was born in San Francisco, studied for the ministry in Pacific Theological Seminary and was ordained there in 1888. He has considerable experience in the ministry, and for several months prior to the first of March last acted in the capacity of assistant to Dr. Dyott of the First Church of this city. He has an opoprtunity for doing a good work, and he enters his new field with a hopeful spirit and a determination to make the best of the conditions he finds there. In this he has the hearty co-operation of the church. Altogether the outlook for the Hillsboro Church is very hopeful.

West Willamette Association will hold its annual meeting with the Hoodview Church, near Wilsonville, next Tuesday and Wednesday.

The work in the Sheridan and Willamina Churches is prospering under the ministrations of Rev. Jeanette L. Ferris, as the interest in all lines of Christian service is constantly increasing, particularly among the young people in both fields. Her husband, Rev. Arthur F. Ferris, supplements her work in a very helpful way by giving, from time to time, stereopticon lectures upon Bible themes, or themes directly connected with Palestine and the regions adjacent illustrative of the conditions existing at the time of the advent of our Savior. It is the opinion of many who have attended these lectures that there is nothing finer or better to establish the facts of the Bible. They prove the prominent personalities of the Bible to have been actual historical characters and reveal a wealth of historical facts that can only be obtained by years of research. One series of Mr. Ferris's lectures are on the life and travels of the Apostle Paul, and place all who hear them into actual touch with the life and times of his day.

Rev. Guy L. Dick, a son of Rev. J. M. Dick, who, several years ago, did much effective Christian work in Willamette valley, now engaged in the Sunday-school missionary work in Western Washington, was chosen assistant pastor of the First Church of this city a few weeks ago.

A most impressive Easter service was held in First Church this morning, and the attendance was very large. Dr. Dyott spoke with great power upon the theme, "Risen With Christ." Following the discourse forty-two members were added to the church, twenty-five by letter and seventeen upon confession of faith. Among the latter were a number from the Sunday-school. Special meetings were held four evenings during the past week, preparatory to the Easter service. On Thursday night a stereopticon lecture on the "Passion Play of Oberammergau," was given by Rev. Mr. Lewis, a retired Congregational minister of Boston.

Portland, April 11, 1909.

THE REV. ALFRED W. HARE, THE EVANGELIST, AT THE OLIVET CHURCH, LOS ANGELES.

This church being too remote to hope for direct results from the recent Torrey meetings held in this city, began some months ago to plan for a series of meetings during the latter part of Lent. Personal workers made prayer lists and set apart a certain time each day to pray for the meetings and make full preparation. It was decided that an eight-days'—including the two Sundays—campaign pushed with vigor and responded to with enthusiasm would be better than a series protracted to weariness. The Rev. Alfred W. Hare having a reputation for safe and sane evangelism was invited to conduct the work. He did not come on any terms of stipulated compensation but left that to the generosity of the people, who gladly embraced the opportunity of a handsome free will offering at the close of the meetings. The interest and attendance marked a steady increase from the first service to the last. While Mr. Hare's tact and power as a winner of men for the Kingdom is well known among the churches of Central and Northern California, his success is not so well known in Southern California as it should be. During the year that he has been among us he has been busy as pastor at Eagle Rock in bringing that church to commanding influence in that beautiful suburb.

His preaching is characterized by gospel sanity without dullness, force without sensationalism, pointed and personal appeal devoid of the tricks and cheap devices of some professional revivalists, by spiritual atmosphere and persuasiveness rather than denunciatory fault-finding and "brimstone" harangue in belaboring the outsiders; no rancor that "addeth sorrow thereunto" and driveth away sweetness and light.

He showed to us that Congregationalism may be evangelistic and yet true to its traditions and heritage, that if men are saved at all they are saved to service, saved not so much from something, as saved to high privilege and won in loyalty to the personal Christ, that even Higher Criticism if it is High search for truth must be evangelistic, and that individual salvation—if that were a possibility—would be supremely selfish.

Mr. Hare's work at Olivet has resulted in the digging up of some church letters already in the "sear and yellow leaf," the addition of seven people at Easter, six of these on confession of faith (several more to follow), most of the number joining being heads of families, and withal a spiritual quickening of our membership.

B. F. Boller.

MINISTERS' MEETING AT MILL VALLEY.

The ministers' meeting for San Francisco, usually held at the Pacific Theological Seminary, was on the Monday after Easter held at Mill Valley upon the invitation of Rev. S. R. Yarrow, the pastor there. The reports of the churches were especially interesting and cheering, telling of large congregations, generous offerings and additions to church membership on Easter Sunday.

After the reports the place usually occupied by the pa-

per of the day was given over to "The Confessions of a Minister's Wife!" The confessing was done by Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Maar and Mrs. Yarrow, with some impromptu confessions of other ministers' wives present. The general impression was that the life of a minister's wife is far from being devoid of humor. "Being a minister's wife isn't so bad when you consider the particular minister whose wife you are!" was one bright remark. Another loyal statement was: "There is one good thing about being ministers wives—we usually marry good men; I know I did." Here is a question worthy of deep meditation: "Do you run everything in the church because you like to or just because you think you have to?" But most of all was the story of one minister's wife who all through her married life had refrained from chewing gum! In a moment of weakness on a summer outing, while waiting in an out-of-the-way station, deciding no one there knew her official position, she sought to pass the time away chewing some spruce gum fresh from the pines at her summer camp. Immediately a lady across the waiting room arose and came over with a smile, and "Oh you are Mrs. Blank! I remember seeing you at missionary meetings!"

After the program the company followed Pastor Yarrow, as in Palestine a band of sheep follow their shepherd, until they came to tables spread under the redwoods near the stream. Here a basket picnic was in order supplemented with coffee and ice cream, provided by the host and hostess. Altogether it was a beautiful and restful day. Being in the ministry isn't half bad, even though one be in it in the capacity of the minister's wife. A. W. P.

THE HOME

THE WATERFALL.

When birds are hushed and winds be journey-worn;
Listen! Across the forest sleep is borne
The white voice of the waterfall, that flings
Her song unto the night from moonlit wings,
Whose iridescent feathers mark her flight
Off her lone nest on some far craggy height!
—Martha Gilbert Dickinson.

"AN HIGHWAY SHALL BE THERE.

Mr. Courtenay Pile alighted from the train at the small station of Littleton March, his handsome face wearing a somewhat troubled expression.

He passed through the booking-office, and found an open trap of the type usually to be hired at village inns awaiting his orders. He had wired for it because his visit was unexpected by those who might have seen that he had a more comfortable reception. It was a mild February day, with a suggestion of spring in the gentle air, soft clouds chasing one another across the dappled sky. The clouds were soft and muddy, and Mr. Pile looked critically at the somewhat sorry old crock between the shafts of the village fly and ruefully shook his head.

"How much for the lot, Simon? and how long before we get hauled up to March Manor?"

"Matter o' 'arf an hour, sir," replied Simon, without blinking an eye. "There's more go in that there old crock than you thinks."

Mr. Pile swung himself up beside the driver, drew the emaciated rug gingerly over his well-cut trousers, and the old crock, laying his ears well back, set off in a weird amble that was half gallop and half trot.

"They be gittin' on, sir, up to the Manor," said the driver, inclined for a little friendly talk. "Every day the walls gits a little bit 'igher, so to speak. It'll look tip-top when it's done."

"Is it approved in these parts then?" inquired Mr. Pile with some interest.

"Oh, yes, sir; they says there won't be anything to touch the new 'ouse in this part 'o the country."

"That's good, Simon Mr. Simon, and as it should be," remarked Mr. Pile, and relapsed into silence as they began to ascend the road to the downs, which dipped again to the sheltered valley in which the new Manor house of March was being erected for an absentee.

They reached it under thirty minutes, and long before they turned in at the avenue gates the red pile of the new masonry was visible between the spaces of the leafless trees.

" You can let me down here, Simon, and go around by the back way to the stables," said Mr. Pile when they were well within the gates; "and I require you to wait there for me. I want to get back to Littleton in time for the three-ten."

"Right, sir."

The trap stopped, Mr. Pile alighted, and at once cut across the park in a slanting direction towards the house. Once only he stopped, drew a letter from his pocket and read it through. It was almost unnecessary, because he had already made himself master of the contents, which had angered him greatly.

"Confounded cheek on Walkelyn's part—confounded!" he repeated, drawing out the word with emphasis; "but he's a clinking good servant, and we can't afford to dismiss him at this point. It would create suspicion, which is what we must avoid."

When he reached the new building, which was being built on the site of the old one, consumed a few months before by one of the most disastrous fires of the century, all the signs of a big undertaking being carried merrily through to its legitimate finish met his eye. Cranes were at work to assist the bricklayers, great piles of dry mortar and stacks of bricks covered the short sward, seeming to destroy for a moment the fine old turf in the immediate vicinity; the air was filled with the din of labour being heartily pursued.

A man high up on the gable wall caught sight of Mr. Pile approaching, and immediately began to descend to the ground. He was a big, slow man, with a somewhat inscrutable face, careless of his dress, but never slovenly; a man whose expression and whole bearing suggested both power and determination. A brief greeting, rather curt on Pile's part, passed between the two men, and Wakelyn waited for his superior to speak further.

"I came on account of the somewhat unusual letter I received from you yesterday, Wakelyn. I started to answer it this morning, but found it difficult; where can we talk?"

"In the little office; it is empty at the present moment," and they turned together to the small wooden shanty that had been erected for the transaction of business which required attention on the spot. It was quite comfortable within, and warmed by a small stove which sent out a bright glow. Pile closed the door, and his face hardened as he looked straight at Wakelyn.

"You exceeded your privilege, I think, this time, Wakelyn. I've stood, we've all stood, a good deal from you, but

this is the limit. What have you to say for yourself?"

"Nothing more than I put in my letter, sir. I can't stop here and see the work through on the present lines. I don't profess to be a saint, but the stuff that's being put into this house is the limit, if I may borrow your expression. It's dishonest, and all the more so that Lord Tranmere is not here himself to overlook it."

"A fat lot of good he'd be if he were here. So it doesn't come up to specification?"

"No and you know it; when I complained the Garrods have as good as told me they're within their rights, according to the orders they've received privately from you and Mr. Gladwin. I won't be a party to it that's all, and I'm quite ready to leave at the end of the week, in fact, I've made up my mind."

Mr. Courtenay Pile's face reddened very deeply.

"So it's a very high hand you'll take, Wakelyn? Whence all this new-fangled delicacy of conscience? You've been in the building trade a good many years, and I suppose this isn't the first time you've seen things fall short of specification. It's done every day; you know that."

"I do know it, but as I said, I won't be a party to it," replied Wakelyn, with the same quiet, imperturbable air which had the effect of raising Mr. Pile's anger almost to a white heat.

"There isn't anything so very bad; it won't affect the foundations of the house, nor its lastings qualities, idiot, you must know that."

"There'll be trouble in about five year's time," was the reply. "But that isn't the point—my point at least. Lord Tranmere is paying for something he's not getting, and because I know that, I want to quit the job."

"You're a fool to yourself, Wakelyn. if you do any such thing," said Pile sourly. "Where'll you get another job? A word from us will go a long way, and we can't afford, as business is in these days, to be so mealy-mouthed; nobody knows that better than you."

"I can't help that," replied Wakelyn quitely. "My mind's made up."

Then Mr. Courtenay Pile's admirable composure gave way, and he cursed his subordinate in no measured terms. But it made very little impression, and two hours later Pile had to return to town to report the ill success of his interview, and to look out for a successor to Wakelyn.

The man who had faced a difficult situation for conscience' sake went about the rest of his day's work apparently undisturbed. He had counted the cost. That it was likely to be heavy he had never hidden from himself.

Lucrative situations were not going begging and he was now a middle-aged man; further, he had many heavy private obliagtions—a wife and family, including an invalid son. It was for the boy's sake he had done this. If Ted Wakelyn had ever been tempted to rebel against the destiny that kept him tied to a sick bed while others carried on the work of life, he might have been cheered had he known how mighty was the influence he wielded on all with whom he came in contact.

When Wakelyn got back to his simple, bare quarters at the village inn that night two letters waited for him, both from his home.

He opened the boy's letter first, and when he read it a tender smile hovered about his lips, and something very like tears veiled his eyes. It had nothing to do with the case that had been decided that day, it was merely, as Wakelyn expressed it later, a love-letter from the boy, who missed his father and his chum more than he had words to tell. It warmed Wakelyn heart; but while he fingered the other one, he was conscious of a reluctance so great that he feared to break the seal. It was Lucy's answer, his wife's deliverance upon the contents of the letter he hed sent to her early in the week. He had not asked any advice in that letter, only told her what was in his mind, and what he intended to do. How would she take it? He felt a little afraid.

He slipped the letter in his pocket, unopened, went to wash the dust of the day's work from his face and hands, and then sat down to his solitary tea. He enjoyed it after a fashion, then pushing his chair back sat down on the old monk's bench by the fire, and lit his pipe. That done, he cut open the envelope of his wife's letter with great deliberation, and drew forth the written sheet within. He imagined at once that it was not long, because the outer page was quite blank. When he turned it to the other side, his face flushed a little and his eye shone. It was a long time since Lucy had begun a letter to him in such endearing terms. She was undemonstrative, a woman of few words at all times. But for once she had laid aside all her reserve.

"Darling," it began. "Your letter is lying spread out before me as I write, and I have waited a whole day before answering it, so as to be quite sure of all I wished to say. The impulse was on me when it came to sit down at once and pour out all my heart; but Ted was not so well this morning, and other things I will tell you presently intervened.

"I felt so glad when I read your letter, John, that every other worry seemed to fade away. I just slipped up to our room and knelt down, and thanked God because He had made you so good and so strong. You have done right, quite right. I understood every word of what you wrote and it was more than kind of you to take so much trouble to make the things positively clear to me, but, dear, it was not needed. My faith in you is so great that I should never have questioned your decision, whatever it had been. I understand all you say about the things that are done in business, but I am thankful beyond any words of mine to express that you will not lend yourself to these methods, and that you will suffer rather than lend your countenace to dishonest practices. I will suffer with you gladly, John, and be proud of it, and I am sure the children if they were asked would say the same. But happily I think there will not be any need. Who do you think came to see me to-day but Uncle Edgar from Bristol, without a word of warning, and he did not seem to mind a cold meat lunch? He was so nice, so different from any time I have ever seen him before, that I couldn't quite make it out. He is aging, too; I can't help thinking that God has spoken to his hard heart, and that he is beginning to realize some of the things he has missed in life. He was lovely to Ted, and brought him a great parcel of books, new books, from the stores; think of Uncle Edgar being guilty of such extravagance! He asked very kindly about you and he said I was beginning to look rather old and tired, and that I must take better care of myself, and couldn't we have a holiday together at Morecambe at Easter. Finding him like this, and wanting desperately to tell somebody how proud and glad I was about you, I gave him your letter to read. He took a long time to read it, and blew his nose several times over it, and was a little gruff at the end. Then what do you think he said all of a sudden?

" 'Your husband's a fool, Lucy, as the world counts folly, but I shouldn't wonder that he's chosen the better part. Tell him I said so, and if he comes home next week, as he seems to expect, out of a job, bring him to Bristol for the week end, and we'll talk things over. I need somebody

at my place I can trust, who won't buy and sell me the moment my back's turned. I could trust your John Wakelyn, so bring him down. I hope your interview with your firm won't be very disagreeable, dear, but if it is, never mind. Come home. Never have you been so welcome as you will be this time to the happy and loving woman, who is so proud to sign herself YOUR WIFE."

Wakelyn's lips twitched as he turned the sheet to read it all over again, and a joy filled his heart so great as to well-nigh overwhelm him. The part concerning Uncle Edgar did not greatly uplift him, it was the knowledge that he had his wife's sympathy and trust that filled and covered his whole horizon; nothing else mattered.

There occurred to his memory as he sat there in a the silence a passage he had read from Isaiah before he slept the night after the momentous letters had been written.

"And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those, the wayfaring men, though fools shall not err therein." And again, "They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."
—David Lyall in British Weekly.

Young People

THE BIG HOUSE ON THE HILL

Wallace Mayburn, who was almost 10, lived in Montgomery street in a big city; and some distance away and just on the brow of a steep hill there stood a big, beautiful house of stone, all towers and gables and chimneys. All around this house was a stone wall, so high that even on tiptoe Wallace couldn't see over it.

On many afternoons after school Wallace sat on the curbstone across the street watching the butcher's and the baker's boys going in and out of the small gateway in the wall near where he was. And there were times when he wished he could work for a butcher or a baker too and go through that gateway.

One afternoon carriages had been coming and going in and out of the main gate of the wall, and Wallace could see ladies in wonderful gowns alight and disappear, and he could hear faint music. There was a long line of carriages down the street, and there was confusion and bustle. But after awhile—almost the time for him to be scampering home—the carriages were filled from the house and all went away.

Wallace wondered what it was about, and concluded it must have been a party, and it had. While he sat there thinking about it he saw at the gate where the butcher's and baker's boys went in, a very stout man in a round white cap and apron, smoking a pipe and fanning himself lazily with a folded newspaper. Wallace stared very hard at this man, and after a long time the man looked at him and smiled.

"Hey, boy!" the man called, and Wallace jumped. "Come here!" He spoke commandingly but his voice was kind, and Wallace, although he was half afraid, got up from the curbstone and went over to him.

The fat man was a jolly looking fellow, and his smile as he glanced down was pleasant and cheerful.

"Are you hungry?" he asked, in a minute.

"No, sir,' answered Wallace, thinking it polite to say so, although he felt that he could eat a great deal when he got home. "I mean," he added, knowing that he ought to tell a lie, "not very."

"Ain't yer a boy?" asked the man, taking the pipe from his mouth and laughing with a great roar.

"Yes, sir," assented Wallace sturdily, puzzled that this funny fellow should ask a question so foolish.

"I thought so," said the man gravely. "Come with me."

Before Wallace could think or say anything, the fat, jolly man had put a great hand on his neck and pushed him before him—inside a great gate! To his right and to his left were wonderful gardens and little houses and fountains. But he didn't have much chance to look, for in a minute they were in a great high room all cheery with lights, with a gigantic cooking stove, and tables and sinks all shiny with silver; while the walls and shelves were glistening with loads of pots and kettles and pans and glasses. It was a wonderful place, and there were two men there in white caps and aprons working away without saying a word.

A table stood near a window, and the big fat man lifted Wallace into a chair and pushed him up to it, crying out, "Hey, Jones! Here's a kid to fill up. Bring on some o' that cream and a han'ful o' them cakes. Be quick."

Before Wallace could say Jack Johnson—if he had tried to say it—Jones had set on the table a great dish of ice cream, all buried in what looked like gold thread but was really candy, a heaping plateful of the prettiest cookies Wallace had ever seen and a glass of something he thought was red lemonade.

"No, not that, I guess," said the fat man, as soon as Mr. Jones had put the stuff down. "Bring a plain lemonade. Now, boy, you eat every bit of that, or I'll know the reason why."

Never before had Wallace tasted anything so good and so it wasn't wholly his wish to please jolly Mr. Farrell that made him do his best to eat everything set before him. He had read enough to know that Mr. Farrell was the cook —or chef, as the man told him later—and not the master of the castle—for Wallace, you know, always thought of the great house as a castle—even if the others did obey him instantly. He was on his last spoonful of cream when he saw the lordly Mr. Farrell suddenly stand upright, and doffing his round white hat, make a little bow. Wallace, of course, looked up too. And then he felt very queer and warm all over, for there stood a beautiful young lady, clothed in white and lace, with a glittering star in her hair and something about her neck that flashed. He had seen her lots of times coming out in a carriage from the front gate, but never dressed so or looking so pink and grand. She, he knew, was the princess.

"This little chap, Miss Sanger," said Mr. Farrell before Wallace had gained his breath, "I saw sitting on the curb across the way so I asked him in and gave him a dish of ice cream and a bit to eat."

"I'm very glad you did, Farrell," said the young lady, smiling upon Wallace. "The rest of the frappe and confections are to go to the hospital, as well as many of the flowers. I've just telephoned." She came to the table and saw that Wallace was a clean, respectful, bright little boy. "Have you enjoyed it?" she asked him. "Would you like more?" Her voice was sweeter than anything he had ever heard.

"I liked it very much, thank you," stammered Wallace, "and I don't want any more. Iguess I'd better go home now. Can I?"

"Why, yes, dear," said the lady, smiling at him, "of course you may go when you please. But wouldn't you like first to see the flowers?"

Wallace nodded "yes" and looked at fat Mr. Farrell, who was smiling at him encouraginly.

"Well, come."

The princess took him by the hand and led him away and through the gandest rooms he had ever seen. There were flowers everywhere, and it was all so big and strange. By and by they came to a great room blazing with light, and there was a long table, set in rows, with candels under little hoods, and spread with roses and thick with good things to eat. But no one was there, for the party had eaten and gone.

Wallace stood rooted to the spot, staring with his eyes as wide as he could open them. The beautiful young lady was very patient, and let him stand and look and wonder as long as he pleased. With a gentle hand she at length pushed him to the table, above which he could see quite easily.

"You may fill your pocket with some of these, if you wish." She set near his hand a plate heaped with little cakes of different colors, some dotted with jelly and some cased in sugar. "What did you say your name was?" she asked in a moment, while Wallace stood confused.

"Wallace—Wallace Mayburn," answered the small hero, looking up shyly into the lady's brown laughing eyes.

"I'd rather have a rose, please," stammered Wallace, hanging his head and growing pink.

The lady was astonished, but she was not displeased at all. "Do you want to take it home, Wallace?" She took a lot of the cakes and herself put them in one of his coat pockets till it bulged out as if he had a ball there.

"Oh, yes, ma'am; my mamma likes roses awfully. She don't have many."

"Why, of course you may have a rose too, dear. You may take these." The lady, with a kind smile, reached across the table and took up a bunch of long-stemmed, blood-red roses, tied with a ribbon, and put it in his hand. It was about all he could hold in one hand easily.

Very proud and pleased Wallace was when at last the princess took him out to the front gate and said good-night. He thanked her politely and set off on a run for home, holding the big bunch of roses upright and tight in his hand. He was quite out of breath when he finally got to his front door.

Now he did not burst in and thrust the roses abruptly into his mamma's hand. Instead, he thought he'd surprise her, so he crept in like a little mouse and tiptoed upstairs, where he knew he could find some kind of a vase. He found without trouble a glass jar, and when he had fielled it with water he untied the ribbon and began to put the glorious flowers into it one by one.

Suddenly he jumped with fright, for something had dropped out of the roses with a clink and a jingle into the marble basin. Right under his eyes there was a most wonderfully beautiful star-shaped thing looking up a him, all glitter and fire and sparkle—a tiny bit of a rainbow in the basin.

Wallace drew in his breath sharply. He knew very well that the star was made of diamonds, and he knew he must take it to the princess without a thought of supper. It was quite dark now, but he felt that he must go at once. He caught up the fiery stones, and stealing down the stairs, went out the front door all alone into the dark.

Of course, he knew his mamma was wondering where he was, so he felt he must do his errand quickly. Besides, he didn't like the dark very well and started off toward the big house on the hill as fast as his little legs could carry him. It was dark, very dark, and he ran and ran until something happened to him. About half way his toe stubbed on a brick and he went sprawling half on the walk and half on the grass near by. As he fell his fingers opened and the great diamond star flew away and was gone. Wallace gave very little thought to tears in his stockings or to the bruises on his hands, for he was up instantly looking for the bright jewel. As he felt about in the dark for the star he shed a few tears of dismay, for he could not find it. Not even a single spark in the grass told where it lay, but Wallace kept groping for it. It was a dreary, terrible hunt he had there in the dark, and it was far toward nine o'clock when he found the jewel again—where do you suppose? Right near where he had fallen, and it had settled snuggly in the grass as if it wanted to lie there all night. Wallace had looked over it half a dozen times.

What a start of joy he felt when his fingers closed on it once more! With torn clothes, his stockings and hands stained with grass, his face dirty and tear-swollen, he started again for the big house, the star this time clasped with desperate grip in his two hands. Bravely he marched in the front gate and up to the door of the castle. The place was blazing with light, and when the door opened Wallace was almost blinded. A man in a wine-colored uniform with lots of little gold buttons looked out at him with eager curiosity.

"Well, little boy," he said not unkindly, "what do you want?"

"I want the princess, please," answered Wallace, trying to be bold as a knight would have been, though his voice trembled a little.

"The princess?" repeated the man queerly. "Oh, yes," he said at last, "oh, yes, come in."

Wallace stepped into the great hall at once, and the man said he would find the princess. Just as he turned to go a lady came into the hall from a door some distance away, and he called out: "Miss Sanger, here is the boy."

It was the princess. When she caught sight of Wallace standing near the door, she gave a little cry, a funny cry, as if she were glad to see him, and came running forward.

"Why, my dear, where have you been all the evening?" She looked at his dirty face, his stained, torn clothes. "Your mamma and papa are terribly worried, child. Where have you been?"

"I found this in the flowers," said Wallace in a tear-choked voice, and he held out the star, which sparkled and glittered just as bright as ever.

"Sinclair, look!" cried the princess. "Here's Mrs. Glover's diamond brooch! She telephoned about an hour ago. I must let her know at once that it's found." And then turning to Wallace: "Tell me all about it."

So Wallace told her everything—how first he had found it in the flowers and then lost it in the grass in the dark. Before he had finished a gray-haired man and a lady came out to the princess, and they, too, were very kind and nice. Everyone said he had done well.

"I do remember now," said the princess, "that Mrs. Glover wore red roses. She left them on the table and I gave them to this little boy. Of course the brooch became unfastened and fell into the flowers before she took them off."

"Well," said the gray-haired man, "the first thing to do is to telephone Mayburn and relieve him and his wife." He walked right away, and before long Wallace heard him talking and knew it was to him own father. "We'll bring him right over to you," said Mr. Sanger. "Good-night." He came back to Wallace at once. "Now, Wallace, you come with me." He opened the front door and beckoned with a smile.

"Good-night, little man," said the princess—oh, very kindly and softly—and leaned over and kissed him, and before he knew it he was lifted into a great panting automobile out in the drive.

Home at last he found himself, very happy. He was hungry, too, and his supper was ready, and his mamma waited on him with a smile he will never forget, no matter how long he lives. And, strange to say, his dessert was a dish of ice cream set deep in a golden thread of sugar, which he well knew came from the big house on the hill.—W. S. Story in The Interior.

MISS DAISY.

Miss Daisy shook out her new bonnet of white,
And fastened it on with a sigh of delight;
Then turning her face to the good-natured sun
She nodded: "I'm ready for frolic and fun."
The wind kissed her gently, and murmured, "How sweet!"
The grass waved a welcome and clung to her feet;
While close to her heart of gold Miss Honeybee
Presented her bill for an afternoon tea.
When light came the dewdrops crept down to her face
And nestled so softly each in its own place;
And fireflies with lanterns, and star maidens bright,
Watched over Miss Daisy all through the dark night.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM REINFORCED.

The arrival in this city a few days ago of the Most Reverend D. J. O'Connell, coadjutor to Archbishop Riordan, is an event of great importance to Roman Catholicism on the Pacific Coast. He is the successor to Archbishop Montgomery, deceased. The records show that Dr. O'Connell is a strong man and thoroughly equipped for his responsible duties. He is a native of the United States, but trained in Rome. He is supposed to have a qualification not possessed by those educated in any other university in the Roman Catholic church. In point of scholarship there are several Roman Catholic universities which stand higher than the university at Rome. Such is the Washington University, in this country, the Lourain University of Belgium, and perhaps there are several German Catholic universities enjoying advantages over that at Rome. It is only at Rome, however, that an edge is given to Roman scholarship, which cannot be turned; a temper is put into the student which never changes. The very fact that Archbishop Riordan wanted Dr. Hanna of Rochester, whose mind was at least hospitable to modernism, has led the authorities at Rome to put in a man at San Francisco whose theology has been tempered at Rome. Though a native of America he will be scrupulously orthodox. No modernism will be advocated. Most of Dr. O'Connell's mature years in one capacity or another have been passed at Rome.

It was at the suggestion of Cardinal Gibbons that Dr. O'Connell was appointed rector of the American College at Rome. He filled that position with consummate ability and with a fidelity to Rome, concerning which nothing is wanting. Each cardinal, in order to Romanize and organically centralize the Church at Rome, has a technical pastorate in Rome. Cardinal Gibbons is rector of an immense parish in Rome, "St. Mary's Across the Tiber." Of course he lives in Baltimore and gives his parish in Rome "absent treatment." It was upon the suggestion, however, of Monsigneur Gibbons that Dr. O'Connell was appointed to represent him as pastor of this "St. Mary's Across the Tiber." He was on this account the most direct agent of American Catholicism in Rome. This is enough to show that Dr. O'Connell is thoroughly conversant with Rome and with what Rome wants and expects in America. In the capacity of rector of "St. Mary's Across the Tiber" he became the real diplomatic agent of Cardinal Gibbons and of Archbishop Ireland, and of all the leading prelates in America. He is not a Jesuit. In ecclesiastical Roman politics he is said to be anti-imperialistic and once held his own in a stiff fight against the Jesuits. It was not until Satolli, the apostolic representative of Rome in America, added his powerful influence that Leo the Thirteenth ousted him from his place as the head of the American College at Rome. Dr. O'Connell is a fighter. Under the stimulus and aid of Cardinal Gibbons, Rampolla took up his cause. Dr. O'Connell came back at Satolli and beat him. Satolli withdrew his opposition and Leo appointed O'Connell president of the Catholic University at Washington. We have the distinction of having as "our coadjutor" a man who has beaten Satolli on his own ground. He is an astute diplomat, an educator, an administrator of courage and fiber. He is a scholar and able to use his power with remarkable effectiveness. He is liberal and will on that account have free access to the non-Catholic public. We may expect that this thoroughly seasoned diplomat, financier, educator and statesman will have a tremendous influence in San Francisco. His attitude on civic questions will have great weight.

Though he has been in a titanic struggle with the Jesuits at Rome and beat them at their own game, it must not be thought for a moment that the Jesuits in California have anything against him. They glory in his fighting qualities. They have no interest in the contention at Rome. It is part of Jesuitism to play on any side of any game which will promote the power of the Catholic church. They want no money for themselves, but there is no extremes to which they will not go to obtain money for the Church. They do not want political power. They want to control those who possess political power. They want to be the controlling power behind all the agencies of Church and State. Romanism has her intestinal troubles, but the great outside world knows nothing of them. Dr. O'Connell has a united and powerful host. That he will cut a wide swath is a foregone conclusion. The San Francisco newspapers made more over his coming to San Francisco than they did over the coming of the California Christian Advocate back to San Francisco. Not because they wanted to, but because they had to.—California Christian Advocate.

The eightieth birthday of Wm. Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, will be celebrated April 10. In this connection Commander Evangeline Booth announces that a movement will be started to raise $5,000,000 to found a University of Humanity. This man has builded a great work.

Sergeant Cortes and son of Cuba, who were active in the recent rebellion, have been sentenced to death. It is hinted that American interests are responsible for the revolt, but the report seems to be without foundation.

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